

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

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## THE LEVELLER.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold  
Fenced round by his "right divine".  
The baron he sits in his castle old,  
Drinking his ripe red wine;  
But below, below, in his ragged coat,  
The beggar he tunceth a hungry note,  
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,  
And dreams of the pearly pride:  
The milk-maid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,  
Sad songs on the cold hill-side:  
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,  
On the scholar who writes and starves by fits;  
And the girl who her nightly needle plies  
Looks out for the summer of life—and dies!

So the world goes!  
So the stream flows!  
Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,  
Who maketh all free  
On land and sea,  
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee!

## AVERILL'S RETREAT.

In December, 1863, General Averill's army suddenly appeared on the crest of the river ridge opposite Hillsboro, and covered the face of the country by straggling along routes parallel with the country roads. It was the army which a few weeks before had been victorious at Droop Mountain. Now cold, wet, and starving, the men were in headlong, disorganized retreat. They appeared so suddenly that the men who were at home had no opportunity to escape and were taken prisoner, and the women had no time to conceal their scanty household stores. At one place the house was ransacked but a large quantity of maple sugar was not found. It was under a lounge and the lady of the house had three girls calling. They sat on the lounge and spreading their skirts concealed effectively the treasured sugar.

The soldiers were practically starving. At one place they eagerly consumed all the scraps of rancid fat which had been set aside for soap grease. At another place some Dutch soldiers drank and ate from the swill tub. A woman whose husband was in the Confederate army saw her slender supply of bacon carried away by a private soldier. An officer riding up she appealed to him for protection. He ordered the man to leave the bacon. The soldier replied, "You be —!" The officer immediately fired upon the soldier, who dropped the stolen meat and ran.

The men who were at home were nearly all taken. A large number of these prisoners were kept in the old Academy in Hillsboro and the guards who were placed over them slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. A bold movement on the part of the pursuing Confederates would have captured the whole force. Not until the town of Edray was reached and news of immediate reinforcements from Beverly did the men of Averill's command see any peace or comfort. The retreat was made from Salem to Beverly, 400 miles, in sixteen days, and in the worst weather.

The information from which this sketch is written is gathered from various sources, and we can not personally vouch for its correctness, and it is very apt to be criticised by those who were actors in these scenes or who can remember the occurrences. But that is the general fate of all war literature. Let an old soldier write of the war and men who have served with him will have a different version of it. It will not be until the memory of man runneth not to the contrary that a true history of the great war will be written.

General William Woods Averill was born in Cameron, N. Y., in 1832. He was graduated at West Point in 1855, and until 1857 served in the garrison at Carlisle, Pa. He then went to the frontier in the Indian wars where he was

wounded. At the battle of Bull Run he was first lieutenant of a company of mounted riflemen. He was made colonel of the 3d Pennsylvania cavalry later in 1861. His most notable achievements were his campaigns in Virginia and his notable retreat in December, 1863, by which he extricated his army of 5000 men from the heart of the Confederacy, was his most brilliant exploit. He attained the rank of Major-general and resigned at the close of the war. He was consul-general of the United States in Canada from 1866 to 1869. He was afterwards president of a manufacturing company. His campaign in 1863 in this section made his name famous.

The "fourth separate brigade" was created March 28, 1863, and the command given to General Roberts, who fixed his headquarters at Weston. It included all the eastern portion of West Virginia, in which section were numerous Confederate sympathizers, there being, probably, more Confederate than Union people. This was the "bushwhacking" section of the country, there being so many deadly rifle shots, and both sides engaged in this species of unlawful warfare. Regular soldiers would at times practice it.

A staid old man, a Union soldier, who has made his fortune in the west, told the writer: "Three of us lay up on the hill-side just west of the Marlinton bridge on a scout. We saw a man in Confederate uniform ride up to the end of the bridge stop his horse and look through. We all cocked our guns and took aim, but we thought it might be a neighbor, and held our fire. He turned around and I saw it was on uncle of yours. I have always been glad we waited. He never knew how near he came to being shot."

This state of things General Roberts intended to put down by driving the Confederates out. Jones, Jackson, and Imboden made a raid on him and all abandoned the country to pillage, and Roberts was soon in disgrace at Washington.

May 18, 1863, Averill superseded him. His orders were to find Roberts and relieve him of his command, protect the country between the Baltimore & Ohio and Kanawha, and guard the passes in Cheat Mountain. At this time he was about thirty years old. He tried to clear the country of Confederates between Pendleton and Greenbrier. In August he destroyed salt-petre works near Franklin. He passed through Monterey, and instead of proceeding against Staunton, as Imboden expected he came to Huntersville, where he dispersed small detachments of Confederates, capturing some arms and stores. A few days later he met a force of 2500 Confederates under General Jones at Rocky Gap near the White Sulphur, and after fighting a day and a night was utterly routed. This was a hot fight. The cannonading was heard in Pocahontas by people who could not imagine what forces were engaged. Captain Von Koenig was killed in this battle by his own men, and two reasons are given. The one is that it was because he had struck several of his men recently, and the other that he was killed by men who thought it was Averill. The Union forces retreated to Beverly, reaching there August 31.

On Averill's next appearance in the county the battle of Droop Mountain was fought. The Confederates fell back from Huntersville to the Levels without making a stand, but there was continual skirmishing. These Confederates were under command of Colonel William P. Thomson, who married a Miss Moffett of this county, and who after the war became a great railway magnate of New York. The Confederate forces numbered 4000 and were under the command of Major Echols. They took their stand on the top of Droop Mountain where the turnpike crosses. From the front it seemed impregnable. Some four or five miles distant in the Levels Averill's 5000 men pitched their tents,

from the heights of Droop Mountain the Confederate soldiers could almost see what the enemy was cooking for supper. Averill waited a day for reinforcements which did not arrive. Echols was reinforced. November 6, Averill began the battle. He sent Colonel Moore with 1000 men west to flank while he made a show of an attack on the front and made a feint of passing to the east of the enemy down the old road around the end of Droop Mountain, where the Greenbrier passes through.

The flanking detachment made a curve of nine miles and fell upon the Confederates to the west. As soon as Averill detected the confusion incident to an attack in an unexpected quarter he hurried his men up the mountain and on their arriving at the top the Confederate forces scattered. It moves the old Confederates to smiles to this day to think how well they ran that day after the field was lost. It was here that Colonel Cochran of Virginia made his famous escape. He was, apparently, in the power of a "squad of Union soldiers" but escaped. When asked why he had not surrendered he said: "If they had said, 'Colonel, surrender!' I would have done so; but instead they yelled, 'Stop, you red-headed son of a gun!' and I would not accommodate any man who used such language to me."

Averill went as far south as Lewisburg and then went to the northern part of the State in Hampshire county. He was notified that he must make a raid to Salem, Virginia, and destroy the Virginia and Tennessee railroad. This was sending him with a small force into a country which the Confederates held in undisputed possession. His route lay through Petersburg, Franklin, Monterey, Mt. Grove, Callabans, Sweet Sulphur Springs and New Castle to Salem. Colonel Moore with a considerable force advanced through Pocahontas Co. The march began December 8. It was a hurry call and the horses were not all shod and this work had to be finished on the road.

Averill reached Salem just as a train load of soldiers were arriving to defend the place. His artillery forced the train to back out of the place and he destroyed the railroad, cut the telegraph wires, and destroyed the stores. The track was torn up for sixteen miles; five bridges burned; 100,000 bushels of shelled corn, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 2000 barrels of flour, 1000 sacks of salt, 100 wagons, and much other valuable property was destroyed. Six hours were spent in this work. Having completed the work his next business was to get out of a death trap. Averill was hemmed in by forces under Fitzhugh Lee, Jackson, Early, and Echols, and a terrible rain setting in every stream was flooded. It was one of the memorable freshets of this section.

His object was to cross into West Virginia, striking Monroe, Greenbrier, or Pocahontas county. The first brush with the Confederates on the retreat was within eight miles of the James River Bridge on the Fincastle and Covington turnpike. The Confederates raced for the bridge, crossed it first, but did not have time to burn it. He raced them to the next bridge, five miles farther, and the same thing happened. At the second bridge before he could get across Jackson's force was upon him and Averill held the bridge at a loss of 124 men. General Early sent a formal request for his surrender to which Averill made no reply. He crossed the Alleghenies and so one morning when the weather was bitterly cold and the Greenbrier greatly swollen he put his command across it and swarmed into the Levels before the inhabitants knew there were any soldiers about. It is to be doubted whether there were ever a more wretched lot of soldiers.

They were in perfect agony as they approached the Marlinton bridge where a road from the east joins the State road running north and south on which they were traveling. We have heard men

who were carried along as prisoners say that when they passed the point where Marlinton is now built without being intercepted, their spirits rose and they seemed to be immediately relieved from all fears of being captured. At Edray they camped and so worn were they that the sentinels could not keep awake. It is said that a hundred men could have taken the whole army. They were ready to drop with fatigue and their powder was wet. The government recognized it as a brilliant achievement, tho their escape was due to pure luck, the Confederates taking the wrong roads. The United States presented each of Averill's men with a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes to take the place of those worn out on the march.

## Ten Prize Hygienic Rules.

The following maxims won a prize offered in 1897 by the Parisian publishers Hachette & Company for the ten most effectual rules for the preservation of mental and bodily health. The author, Dr. Decornet of Ferte-sur-Aube, won over five hundred competitors. The rules, as translated in The Lancet, run thus:

1. General Hygiene: Rise early, go to bed early, and in the mean time keep yourself occupied.
2. Respiratory Hygiene: Water and bread sustain life, but pure air and sunlight are indispensable for health.
3. Gastro-intestinal Hygiene: Frugality and sobriety are the best elixir for a long life.
4. Epidermal Hygiene: Cleanliness preserves from rust; the best kept machines last longest.
5. Sleep Hygiene: A sufficiency of rest repairs and strengthens; too much rest weakens and makes soft.
6. Clothes Hygiene: He is well clothed who keeps his body sufficiently warm, safeguarding it from all abrupt changes of temperature, while at the same time maintaining perfect freedom of motion.
7. House Hygiene: A house that is clean and cheerful makes a happy home.
8. Moral Hygiene: The mind reposes and resumes its edge by means of relaxation and amusement, but excess opens the door to the passions and these attract the vices.
9. Intellectual Hygiene: Gaiety conduces to love of life and love of life is the half of health; on the other hand sadness and gloom help on old age.
10. Professional Hygiene: Is it your brain that feeds you? Don't allow your arms and your legs to become ankylosed. Dig for a livelihood, but do not omit to burnish your intellect and elevate your thoughts.

## BIBLICAL.

MR. EDITOR: In answer to the Biblical questions by the Green Bank correspondent, I will give the following answers:

Abraham died at the age of 175 years. He was buried by his two sons in the cave of Machpelah. This answer will be found in Genesis 25th chapter; 7th to 10th verse.

Apple appears five times in the Bible, namely: Dent. 32 chapter, 10 verse; Psalms 17, 8; Prov. 7, 2; Tam. 2, 18; Zech. 2, 8.

Uzzah was struck dead for touching the Ark of the Lord. This will be found in Chronicles 13, 9th to 11th verses.

As to where Bible is mentioned in the Bible, I have to say that I can't find it.

—YEVA M. LEDBETTER.

We would suggest that the word Bible will be found on the title-page.—Ed.

Occasionally a bright thing is said in the vaudeville shows. It was one of these modest resorts quite away from Broadway that an "artist" was perspiring doing his "turn." He stopped at the end of a particularly boisterous and foolish bit of horse-play, mopped the sweat from his brow, and said to the crowd in a confidential sort of way: "I hope you don't think I do this except for the fun there is in it. I don't have to. I could starve!"—New York Times.

## Lewisburg Personals and News.

Hon. James Withrow, so widely known and greatly esteemed, was a member of Presbytery at the recent session in Lewisburg. He is more than 80 years of age, and while somewhat broken by the infirmities of age and precarious health, retains his mental vigor to a surprising degree. He gives daily attention to his duties as commissioner of accounts. For more than 60 years he has borne a prominent part in religious endeavor as a zealous and efficient Ruling Elder and leader of the service of praise. The record he has made as a choir leader is justly regarded as extraordinary, and was duly appreciated in an impressive manner by a public testimonial, some years since. He adhered with characteristic tenacity to old hymns, some of them had been hailed "with judicious care" by his Scotch-Irish ancestry, while others had cheered the pioneers in their West Virginia homes the past hundred years. He and younger members of the choir would make judicious selections from a wide range of sacred music publications and select new tunes for the old hymns and thus kept in touch with the best of what was new and attractive. Many of the most eminent ministers of the century were his personal friends and held him in high estimation as a trusted, safe and judicious counselor in ecclesiastical as viewed from a layman's point of observation. Taken upon the whole his life is a fine illustration of what is to be accomplished by a flexibly wise adaptation of unchanging principles to changing circumstances as they appeared in the course of providential events.

Finley Arbuckle, son of Hon. J. W. Arbuckle, a youth of 18 or 19 years, was court reporter during the late criminal trials in the Greenbrier court. For a beginner he displayed special aptitude for such service, and if he does not attain marked eminence very bright promises will fail of realization. He moves on a rolling chair attended by a faithful colored man, apparently much attached to his charge.

At the trial of Londermilk, for burning lumber on Cabin Run last June, at Lewisburg last week, Messrs Apperson and Belcher were important witnesses for the defense in impeaching the witnesses on whose evidence the indictment was originally made. When the Captain was asked whether he could believe that person on oath, his reply was that he could not. As he put on looks so solemn, a spectator a member of Presbytery, observed to the writer, "Well, that fixes it; that man's appearance satisfies me that he may be always counted on for the truth, no matter who he is."

The defense in this case was managed by Messrs Arbuckle, T. Mann and H. S. Rucker; the prosecution by J. A. Preston and Fred Wallace. A verdict of acquittal was reached after a very brief retirement by the jury.

Rev Henry Martyn White, D. D., of Winchester, Virginia, was a corresponding member of the Greenbrier Presbytery, during its late session. But few ministers in the Southern Presbyterian Church if any stand higher or are more deserving of honorable regard for all that constitutes an able, consecrated minister of the New Testament than this venerable pastor of the London Street Church. He is an impressive pulpit speaker, a gifted conversationalist and a polished incisive writer for the weeklies and reviews. In compiling the volume setting forth the life and times of his father, the late Dr. Wm. S. White, of Lexington, who was Stonewall Jackson's pastor. Dr. H. M. White evinced such rare tact, literary culture and felicity of expression as to make these biographic memoirs one of the best of its kind that has appeared in the closing years of this century, and has been so pronounced by competent critics. The book affords the

reader as much pleasure as a pure and elevated romance would impart, while at the same time all is perfectly truthful and instructive in the illustrations it presents of fidelity to duty and useful service in all the relations of life sustained by a model citizen and a religious teacher. The Winchester pastor has it in his power and we hope it may his purpose to furnish the church with his reminiscences of ministers, ruling elders, and eminent christian ladies, whose lives have been precious gifts to our people of the two Virginias in all that promoted their social and spiritual interest. W. T. P.

## Another Bonner Tale.

The story of how Bonner sold his country residence may be of interest. He published the following in several daily papers:

"I hereby offer for sale my country residence, near Melrose Station, where I have lived for the past three summers, but do not think I could live much longer. I have heard that people desiring to purchase a country home could never find one where they had chills and fever; it is always a mile or two off, but never right there at the place that is for sale. Now, I offer for sale a curiosity, something rare, the precise, exact spot where you will find chills and fever. I will warrant it to be there. Three of my children have it; my gardener has it; my groom has the premonitory symptoms, and I have a touch of it myself. Any doctor with a large family who has a sure cure for fever and ague would find this a most eligible situation. The neighborhood is full of the disease and if he could keep it out of his own family it would give him a reputation that would insure his fortune. Besides the fever and ague, the estate consists of a fine double house, with all the modern conveniences, and two acres of land with a good barn and stable. It is really a beautiful place. The grounds are handsomely laid out with choice trees and shrubbery. These trees afford not only a delightful shelter, but a harbor for mosquitoes. The mosquitoes thus far have not been so much affected by fever and ague as to prevent their biting—in fact, it is a good place for mosquitoes. I bought it to please my wife, and shall leave it to please the whole family. Terms, cash. I am afraid any security would get the fever and ague, and become shaky. The town authorities are improving the adjoining streets, and if they drain the place as thoroughly as they do the pockets of the landowners, it may become healthy."

This advertisement was talked about and copied, and thousands of people made inquiries about Melrose Station and the Bonner place. The fact came out that it suffered no more from fever and ague and mosquitoes than other localities in that region in that region, and the result was that it was sold for a satisfactory price.—Atlanta Constitution.

Senator Quay was acquitted on his trial for the misappropriation of the people's money. Governor Stone appointed him Senator, as the legislature had adjourned without electing anyone to the Senate. It is not regarded as being within the Governor's power to appoint a Senator except to fill a vacancy occurring during the vacation of the legislature. It is said, however, that Quay will make a fight to be admitted.

Another investigation is going on in New York City. It is a sort of reform movement which will probably fail, as do the others for the simple reason that reformers are nothing but mortals themselves and are as certain to make errors as the men whose management of public affairs makes reforms necessary.

They speak of including in the census our unsubdued subjects in the Philippines. It would be about as practicable to enumerate the number of deer in these mountains.

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' Pain-Exterminator. Cures All Pains. "One cent a dose."